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NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.





OAK ST. HDSF

HIS SECOND TIME ON EARTH

A FARCE COMEDY IN THREE
ACTS

BY

W. C. PARKER

*Author of "Those Dreadful Twins," "A Black Heifer," "The
Lonelyville Social Club," "Brother Josiah," "The
Bank Cashier," "The Face at the Window," "All
a Mistake," "Love and Anarchy," "A
Friend of the Whole Family" and
"His Second Time on Earth."*



CHICAGO

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HIS SECOND TIME ON EARTH.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

FLYBYNIGHT.....*A Theatrical Manager in Hard Straits*
PALMY DAYS....*An Old Standby in Flybynight's Company*
DEPUTY SHERIFF.....*On the Track of Flybynight*
JUVE NILE....*The Leading Man of Flybynight's Company*
SETTLE OUTOF COURT.....*Mrs. Goodwin's Attorney*
LINGER A. WHILE.....*Settle Outof Court's Clerk*
PROF. FAKEMUP.....*A Spiritualistic Medium*
PAT*Fakemup's Assistant*
CAPTAIN.....*Of the Steamer "Sacramento"*
SECOND OFFICER.....*Of the Steamer "Sacramento"*
POLICEMEN.
SPIRITUALISTIC GENTLEMAN.
SOCIETY GENTLEMEN.
KING FUCLOS (pronounced "Few-clothes").....
.....*Ruler of the "Fu Fu" Islands.*
BIG-FITE.....*A "Fu Fu" Warrior*
COURIER.....*An Attendant of King Fuclos*
FIRST WEE GEE.
WEE GEE STATUE.
"FU FU" NATIVES AND WEE GEE NATIVES.
ANGELICA GOODWIN.....*A Society Lady*
ETHEL GOODWIN.....*Angelica's Daughter*
WANTO SINGHIGH.....*Member of Flybynight's Company*
AHI KICKER.....*Member of Flybynight's Company*
MARY*Fakemup's Assistant*
SPIRITUALISTIC LADIES.
SOCIETY LADIES.

NOTICE.—Production of this play is free to amateurs, but the sole professional rights are reserved by the author, who may be addressed in care of the publisher.

NOTE.—If desirable, FAKEMUP can double the CAPTAIN the Second Act, and KING FUCLOS in the Third Act. LINGER can double SECOND OFFICER in the Second Act and G-FITE in the Third Act. PAT can double FIRST WEE GEE.

ME—*The Present.*

PLACE—*Act I.—Prof. Fakemup's Seance Room, San Francisco. Act II.—Passageway, Steamer "Sacramento." Act III.—Exterior Scene Near Headquarters of King Fuclos, on "Fu Fu" Islands.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two Hours.*

COSTUMES.

FLYBYNIGHT., *Act I.*—Flashy business suit, shabby, light-colored plug hat, red tie, etc. Change to FAKEMUP'S costume. *Act II.*—Same as finish of *Act I.* Change to CAPTAIN'S uniform. *Act III.*—Same as finish of *Act II.* Put on a blanket and a battered silk hat to represent the "King."

PALMY DAYS.—Shabby misfit black suit, with frock coat; black long-haired wig and battered silk hat throughout.

DEPUTY SHERIFF.—Well-worn business suit, slouch hat and goggles. In *Act III.* change to long black stockings, mickerbockers covered with brown fringe, a blanket thrown around shoulders and retaining the goggles and slouch hat.

JUVE NILE.—Nobby business suit throughout.

SETTLE OUT OF COURT.—Stylish suit with frock coat and black hat.

LINGER A. WHILE.—Well-worn business suit, derby hat.

PROF. FAKEMUP.—Well-worn business suit, covered with old-fashioned dressing gown with large pockets. Change to FLYBYNIGHT'S costume.

PAT.—Red flannel shirt, light trousers, belt, black shoes.

CAPTAIN.—Suitable steamer captain's uniform and cap.

SECOND OFFICER.—Suitable blue uniform and cap.

KING FUCLOS.—Brown leggings, sandals, brown trunks, blanket, black long-haired wig, battered silk hat with feathers in.

BIG-FITE.—Same as KING FUCLOS, excepting silk hat.

COURIER.—Same as BIG-FITE.

FIRST WEE GEE.—Same as KING FUCLOS, except that has no blanket and his hat is light-colored and minus crown.

WEE GEE STATUE.—Same as FIRST WEE GEE, except that he has an enormous straw hat and is wrapped in sheet.

FU FU NATIVES.—Brown leggings (or long stockings) slippers or sandals, brown trunks, blankets, feathers in hair.

WEE GEE NATIVES.—Black leggings (or long stockings) slippers or sandals, black trunks and blouses, white feathers in hair. No blankets.

POLICEMEN.—Typical uniform.

SOCIETY GENTLEMEN.—Stylish walking suits.

ANGELICA.—Stylish walking gown.

ETHEL.—Stylish walking gown.

WANTO.—Gaudy house gown.

AHI.—Red waist, blue skirt, tan shoes, white tie, gaucho picture hat.

MARY.—Red wig, gingham dress, white apron.

SOCIETY LADIES.—Stylish walking gowns.

SPIRITUALISTS.—Fanatical and peculiar garb of all kinds.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Bottle, bellows, match and drum for PAT. Megaphone for FAKEMUP. Wallet for LINGER. Watches, purse, etc., for SPIRITUALISTS. Checkbook for FLY. Coins for SOCIETY PEOPLE. Purse for ANGE. Check and package of paper money for FLY. Watch for LINGER.

ACT II.—Makeup box for PALM. Penny for FLY. Notebook and pencil for JUVÉ. Bag of tobacco and cigarette paper for FLY. Sign marked "For Sale" and sheet. Small anchor and scales for PALM.

ACT III.—Throne for FUCLOS, which is simply a rocking chair on a platform with handles. Pedestal for STATUE. Revolver for DEP. SHER. Pedestal and stake. Rope for

bind FLY. Knife for FUCLOS. Gourds for drink. Piece of cloth for KING. Cocoanut shell cut in half and paper for PALM.

SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

ACT. I.—Prof. Fakemup is compelled to hold a special seance to raise the rent. The materialization. Flybynigh, running across roofs in an effort to escape from the sheriff, falls through the skylight of Prof. Fakemup's seance room and enters upon his "Second Time on Earth," thereby producing general confusion.

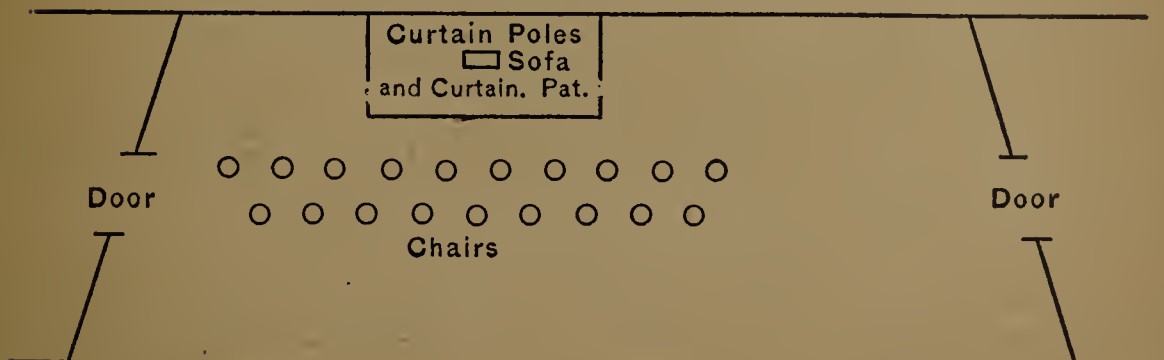
ACT II.—Aboard the steamer "Sacramento." Palmy deceives the widow and impersonates the "dear departed Augustus." The storm. Flybynigh assumes command of the ship, which results in a wreck.

ACT III.—King Fuclos celebrates his victory over the Wee Gees. The "Statue of the God of Peace." The intruders. Flybynigh in the new role of an "evil spirit." "Out of the frying pan into the fire." Flybynigh saved by strategy. The downfall of King Fuclos. The new king promises "Deputy Sheriff Soup." Palmy makes a discovery and Angelina agrees with Flybynigh that "A throne without a queen is no throne at all."

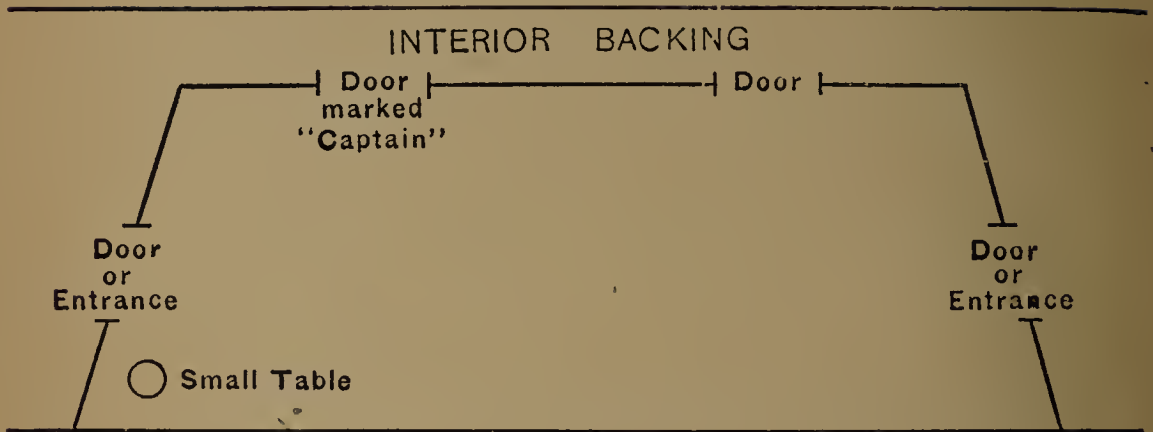
STAGE SETTINGS.

ACT I.

INTERIOR BACKING



ACT II.



ACT III.

LANDSCAPE BACKING

Wood Wings

Wood Wings

Wood Wings

Wood Wings

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; *1 G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

HIS SECOND TIME ON EARTH.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Plain chamber. Center door. Door R., 2 E. and L. 2 E. Curtain poles extended down stage on each side of center door of sufficient length when enveloped with curtains to represent the spiritualistic cabinet. A sufficient quantity of chairs arranged in rows to contain the assemblage of spiritualists.*

DISCOVERED.—*A number of men and women made up to represent spiritual fanatics, with peculiar clothes, etc. Seated with their backs to the audience and facing the cabinet. See Scene Plot for Stage Settings.*

Mysterious music until curtain up.

Enter FAKEMUP from Cabinet C.

FAKE. (*Closing curtains behind him.*) Ah, my good friends, I may say brethren and sisters, it does my heart good to see you assembled here. In fact, it was my burning desire to commune with you that led me to call a special meeting to-day, and I confess I could scarcely await the hour of your arrival, so greatly did I yearn for your presence. (*Aside.*) The room rent is due to-morrow.

PAT. (*Puts his head out from behind curtain L.*) Any toime you'se is ready I am.

FAKE. (*Motioning PAT to disappear and keep quiet.*) Not now, not now! Keep quiet, or you'll spoil everything. (*PAT disappears. People nudge each other in surprise.*) Do not be alarmed, my friends; it is but an illustration of the impatience of the ever-faithful spirits. (*PAT pushes aside the curtain, revealing himself taking a drink from a bottle.*)

PAT. That's it, spirits!

FAKE. (*Drawing curtain around PAT. Some of the people arise in wonder. FAKE motions them to be seated.*) If the brethren will remain seated, I will try to sufficiently compose my mind to attract the attention of those spirits who are willing and capable of the marvelous feat of materialization. (*Lights three-quarters down. Makes mysterious passes and exit in cabinet. Throwing back curtains, reveals himself on a sofa holding a very long megaphone, through which he calls in imitation of a woman's voice.*) Hello!

ALL. Ah!

LINGER. Who art thou?

FAKE. I am the spirit of a beautiful German princess.

ALL. Ah!

FAKE. After years of vain effort, I shall at last succeed in materializing in full view of you all, dressed in my regal robes as I last appeared on earth at the court of the king. Let the wind blow. (*Wind heard howling. PAT pushes aside curtain and is perceived working a bellows. MARY stands in center of cabinet dressed as a typical Irish emigrant girl.*)

ALL. Ah!

FAKE. (*Aside to MARY*). Why didn't you dress as I told you?

MARY. Do yez mean to say thot I'm undressed?

FAKE. Oh, back, back to the laundry!

MARY. Faith, sir, I'll not go back to the laundry until yez pay me the wages yez promised me. (*FAKE jumps up, draws the curtain together, concealing himself and MARY from the audience. All lights up. Noise of fighting heard inside cabinet.*)

LINGER. Splendid!

SECOND SPIR. Glorious!

THIRD SPIR. How lifelike.

FOURTH SPIR. Magnificent. (*All talk at once, as if greatly pleased at the wonderful materialisation.*)

Enter FAKE. from cabinet, nursing his eye, as if it had been punched or scratched.

FAKE. (*Announcing*). My dear friends, I am happy to state that I have a great treat in store for you to-day.

ALL. Amen!

FAKE. For some time past I have noticed a strange fluctuation of the atmospheric conditions of my environment. Strange dreams haunted me by night. Wierd noises filled my head by day. (*PAT seen working bellows.*) Mystified, but curious, I strove to solve this enigma, and have finally learned that the unusual disturbances were occasioned by the strenuous efforts of a certain spirit to appear before us.

ALL. Amen!

FAKE. And I have since ascertained that it was no other than the spirit of that great and noted financier, Mr. A. Fishpond Organ, who has attempted to materialize for the purpose of instigating the formation of a trust to control the entire traffic between the earth and spirit land.

ALL. Ah!

FAKE. Perfect quiet—complete repose—relaxed nerves—and implicit confidence in me, your guide, will result in the appearance in our very midst of this unique ruler of the universe. Let there be darkness. (*Lights out.*) Let the witches appear. (*PAT runs across the stage and back enveloped in a bed sheet.*) Let the lightning light. (*PAT lights a match and whirls it around until it burns out.*) Let the thunder roar. (*PAT is seen pounding a large drum.*)

FLYBYNIGHT *walks out from cabinet trembling from fright. Great enthusiasm is shown by assembled spiritualists.*

FLY. Was I jerked or was I pushed?

FAKE. (*Slapping FLY. on the back*). Brace up, old man, remember *I* am here.

LINGER. Oh, Mr. Organ (*addressing FLY.*), how did you get all your money?

FLY. Well, the most I ever had was from holding back the actors' salaries.

ALL. Oh!

FLY. Now, what have I struck?

ALL (*Get on their knees before FLY*). Oh, please, please, tell us how to make money!

FLY. (*Aside*). Well this is certainly the limit. Here I am chased over the housetops by a sheriff because I couldn't raise the money for my board bill, and now these guys rub it in by asking me to tell them how to make money.

LINGER. Oh, Mr. Organ, won't you please answer us?

FLY. What do you take me for?

SECOND SPIR. Why, aren't you the spirit of Mr. A. Fishpond Organ?

FLY. (*Amazed*). Me, a spirit? Well, I guess—

FAKE. Of course, he is the spirit of Mr. A. Fishpond Organ, the noted financier. (FLY. *amused*. *Pantomimes to FAKE., points to himself, etc.*)

LINGER. Then why does he not answer us?

FLY. (*Pompously clearing his throat, arms akimbo, etc.*). Well, it's like this—you see—I never was much on the talkin' biz, 'specially when it comes to answering questions as to how I scooped in the coin. It always costs money to hear me talk, and I don't give no free performances. I always was a man of few words. While the other fellers was talkin' I was investin' the long-green and reapin' the profits. (*Aside to FAKE.*). How am I, eh? (*Winks.*)

LINGER. (*Producing a wallet*). Oh, Mr. Organ, will you please invest my money for me?

FLY. (*Taking the wallet*). My dear Christian friend—(*clears his throat*)—far be it from me to bother myself with an amount as small as you undoubtedly possess, but—

ALL (*Holding out watches, purses, etc.*). Oh, please!

FLY. Well, of course, if you insist upon getting together and forming a pool, I shall be compelled to consider your proposition. (*Collects the valuables from the various spiritualists and places them in his pockets.*) Come early and avoid the rush—line forms on this side—examine your tickets and change before leaving the window. (*Aside.*) Well, talk about a puddin', this is like finding it. And to think that less than an hour ago I was trying to raise ten cents to purchase a kettle of suds. (*As if addressing him-*

self.) Shame on you (*slaps his wrist*). If you ever do a thing like that again, I shall give you two successive slaps on the wrist.

FAKE. (*Aside*). This fellow is a hog. He'll clean out the whole bunch and I won't have anything to pay the rent with.

FLY. The company will now declare dividends. (*Takes a checkbook from one of the wallets he has received and hands a check to each.*)

ALL. What, so soon?

FLY. Cert. Who ever heard of a "get-rich-quick" concern that didn't pay a dividend in less than twenty-four hours?

FAKE. (*Aside*). This is getting serious (*starting*). Ah, an idea! I shall perform the marvelous feat of changing clothes with a materialized spirit and thus gain possession of the valuables.

FLY. (*Aside*). If the police ever ketch me with all this swag in me clothes, they'll send me up for life. I wish I could change clothes with one of the guys without puttin' em next to the fact that I'm no spirit.

FAKE. (*To the SPIRITUALISTS*). Brethren and sisters, to show the complete control I have over the spirit world, I will now show you the greatest test ever attempted. You have seen me materialize the spirit; I will now have the pleasure of changing clothes with the spirit.

FLY. Delighted. The pleasure is all mine. (*Aside.*) Wait until the police ketch him in my clothes.

(FAKE makes mysterious passes with his hands over FLY, who gradually backs into the cabinet mysteriously, followed by FAKE, who draws the curtains together, concealing them from the audience. Lights out. Finally lights up, FAKE draws aside the curtains and discloses himself dressed in FLY's gaudy suit, and FLY, busily engaged in storing away the valuables in FAKE's suit, which he now has on. FAKE steals a long purse out of FLY's pocket and examines the contents in such a manner as to let the audience see what he has taken).

FAKE. Behold! He is me and I am he!

FLY. (*Laughing*). He, he!

Hurry music.

Loud noise heard L. POLICE break in door L. 2 E.

DEPUTY SHERIFF (*Pointing to FAKE.*). There he is, seize him! (*Two POLICEMEN seize FAKE.*)

FLY. Here's where I exit. (*Backs into cabinet, drawing curtains together. Great confusion.*)

FAKE. What does this mean?

DEP. SHER. Oh, you know what it means, all right!

FAKE. (*Struggling*). Unhand me, scoundrel!

DEP. SHER. Scoundrel, eh? Well, you take my advice and don't have the charge of resisting an officer added to your other crimes.

ALL. Crimes?

FAKE. 'Tis false! I am no criminal. I am Professor Fakemup, the noted spiritualistic medium.

DEP. SHER. Oh, yes, you're *medium*, all right, and you'll soon be *well done*.

FAKE. (*To SPIRITUALISTS*). Brethren and sisters, will you stand by and see me—your spiritual leader—insulted by this minion of the law? (*ALL try to save FAKE., but are repulsed by the police, who drag FAKE off door L. 2 E., followed by ALL. Noise of a big fight heard off L. During above FLY has business of trying to escape from the cabinet, looking over the top, etc.*)

Stop music.

Enter FLY from cabinet.

FLY. (*Putting a ring on his finger*). Talk about falling into riches—this is better than Jack, the Giant Killer. (*Carefully examines ring, flashes it in front of his eyes, etc.*) Now, the next thing is to get out of here, where it will be of some use to me. (*Starts L.*)

Enter PALMY, door L.

FLY. Get out of here!

PALM. What's the matter; don't you know Ma?

FLY. I've got money now, I don't know anybody.

PALM. (*Incredulously*). Money, real money?

FLY. (*Producing money*). Yes, *real* money, and other valuables.

PALM. (*Tragically*). Shades of the immortal Shakespeare! Avaunt! Take me hence! Whoever heard of a manager with real money—and valuables, too? Alas, 'tis too much, 'tis too much!

FLY. How did you get in here?

PALM. How couldst helpst? Where thou goest I goest also. And remember, I have not this night had my accustomed beer and pretzels, and the want of tobacco my pipe is out for!

FLY. Where is the rest of the company?

PALM. Like me, they were searching for thee, and many of the ungrateful wretches didst claim thou wronged them, thou wronged them to so surreptitiously skip out from their midst, and some even fain would chastize thee for thy seeming neglect. But I—I—to me remains the joy of finding thee! (*Suddenly changing his manner.*) Say, Steve, where did you make the raise?

FLY. Palmy, you have stood by me for years.

PALM. Aye, aye, and fallen by thee also.

FLY. And now, at last, I am going to reward you —

PALM. (*Eagerly holding out his hands.*) Yes—yes?

FLY. By taking you into my confidence. (PALM., *disappointed, jabs his finger in his neck.*) What's the matter?

PALM. Oh, I got it again, that's all (*pointing to neck*). And in the same old place.

FLY. (*Producing checkbook*). See, Palmy, here is a check for a thousand dollars. Take it, it is yours.

PALM. (*Takes the check, inspects it, and hands it back to FLY.*). Say, give me a nickel, will you, to get a glass of beer and a pretzel. (*Noise heard L.*)

Enter JUVE NILE, WANTO and AHI. door L. 2 E.

AHI. Where is he?

WANTO. The scoundrel!

JUVE. Let me punch him!

AHI. Yes, punch him!

WANTO. Say, listen. Let's pull his hairs out—one by one. (*Grabs at FLY.'s hair. All rush at FLY. threateningly.*)

FLY. Stop! You do not understand.

AHI. We don't want to understand. We want money.

FLY. Listen to me and I'll tell you how to get it.

JUVE. Oh, that's an old gag.

FLY. But let me explain.

WANTO. No, no!

PALM. Ah, what's the matter with youse? Why don't you give the guy a chance?

FLY. (*Crossing his fingers*). You can't touch me.

JUVE. We never could.

FLY. I am not myself.

AHI. Off again.

FLY. This is my second time on earth.

ALL. Ha, ha, ha! (*Laughing*).

FLY. I disappeared, but my spirit was recalled to earth by Professor Fakemup, the great spirit medium, and he exchanged places with me. Now I am Professor Fakemup, and he has gone on a long, long journey in my place.

PALM. (*To FLY.*). Why don't you give it to 'em straight? Cut the fairy tale, see? I'm wid you.

FLY. I have a scheme to make money. Professor Fakemup did a land-office business in this joint in what he called materialization. Hereafter I will be Professor Fakemup, and you shall be the spirits, and with the aid of your make-up boxes we shall be able to meet all comers and patch up any kind of a spirit they are willing to pay to see.

AHI. Yes, but what do we get out of it?

FLY. Same old salary.

JUVE. Which was nothing.

AHI. Payable in good, hard wind.

WANTO. Say, listen, we've all got to eat. What do you say if we give it a trial?

ALL. Yes. yes!

FLY. That's the stuff; you stick to the spirit business and the ghost will walk every night. (*Noise of laughing heard L.*) Ahi, go see who it is.

AHI. (*Runs to door L., 2 E., and looks out*). Why, it's a crowd of society people out doing the town.

FLY. Aha, just as I expected. Here's where we get the money. Into the cabinet, every one of you, and prepare yourselves to represent any kind of a spirit the easy marks are willing to pay for.

AHI. (*To FLY.*). Remember, no con business goes in this deal. We must get our share, see? or the spirits will refuse to materialize. (*Exit in cabinet, followed by WANTO, JUVE and PALMY.*)

FLY. That's the most mercenary gang I ever did see.

Enter ANGELICA and ETHEL, followed by several SOCIETY PEOPLE.

ANGE. Have we the pleasure of addressing—

FLY. Professor Fakemup, at your service.

ETH. Oh, good! Isn't it perfectly lovely to find him at home! Now, we shall be able to see some real spirits at last. (*The SOCIETY PEOPLE all giggle, nudge each other, and appear greatly amused.*)

FLY. Well, I guess. Youse is goin' to see all the spirits you're willin' to pay for. That's my style. Give 'em what they wants, sez I, and then they're going to patronize you during the entire engagement.

ANGE. What is that about an engagement? I trust we are not interfering—

FLY. Oh, no, not at all. The last engagement I had was so long ago, I almost forget it. Anyhow, I didn't get my bit, 'cause the ghost never did walk.

ETH. (*To SOCIETY PEOPLE*). How funny he talks!

ANG. What an atmosphere of mystery pervades this place!

ETH. Yes, it reminds me so much of the seminary.

FLY. (*Aside*). Cemetery? They'll be taking this for the morgue next. (*To ANGE.*) What kind of a spirit did you say you wanted to see?

ETH. He talks as if he had all kinds on sale.

FLY. Yes, as my friend, the saloon-keeper, said, we both keep our spirits on tap.

ANGE. (*Aside to FLY.*). I am a widow!

FLY. (*Aside*). Oh, this is so sudden!

ANGE. I should like so much to converse with the spirit of my dear departed Augustus.

FLY. Alone or in private?

ANGE. Alone, by all means, if it is possible.

ETH. Oh, let us see the spirit of Cleopatra.

FLY. Anything to please the ladies. (*Takes his hat and passes it to each of the SOCIETY PEOPLE.*) One dollar each, please. (*Aside.*) Comes high, but we need the money. (*Each one drops a coin in FLY.'s hat. FLY. pockets the money, goes to the cabinet, waves his arms frantically and yells*) Antony, Antony, bring forth thy Cleopatra!

PALM. (*Sticking his head out of the cabinet*). You want me, boss?

FLY. (*Aside to PALM.*). Git back, git back; what's the matter with you? Don't spoil the game. (*Again yelling.*) Antony! Oh, Antony, bring forth thy Cleopatra. (*In an undertone*) Bring out Ahi. Do you hear me? Bring out Ahi. (*PALM. enters from cabinet, leading AHI by the hand.*) There, ladies and gents, is the real and only Cleopatra. Guaranteed to be sixteen karat fine, all wool and a yard wide. Specially imported for this great aggregation of the principal wonders of the world at an enormous expense to the management and no extra charge to our delighted patrons. The show is over, ladies and gents, and Cleo will retire to her cage—excuse me, happy hunting grounds. All those holding tickets for the concert may remain and see the elephant climb the center pole.

ETH. How amusing!

ANGE. (*Aside to FLY.*). Will you do as I ask?

FLY. (*Aside to ANGE.*). Yes, but I must see you alone. (*To ETH. and SOCIETY PEOPLE*) Now, if the ladies and gents will kindly step into the anteroom, we will prepare for the big show. (*Points to door R. 2 E., and opens same for them to exit. All cross R., casually inspecting the cabinet, etc., as they do so, and exeunt door R. 2 E.*)

ANGE. (*Returning, to FLY.*). Now?

FLY. How much money have you with you?

ANGE. I don't know exactly; I should say about five hundred dollars.

FLY. That will do. Pass it over.

ANGE. (*Taking purse from pocket*). You are sure that I can see my dear departed Augustus, and speak to him?

FLY. Sure thing.

ANGE. (*Handing him the purse*). Here is the money.

FLY. (*Taking purse*). I have called upon his spirit to appear. He is now on the way. (*Aside*) This is a great gag. Here's where her husband turns the tables on her. Many's the time she cost him five hundred dollars, and now she has to pay that much just to talk to him. (*To ANGE.*) Speaking of your husband, I think I see him now. (*Points in front of her mysteriously.*) He was a tall, slim man, wasn't he, with a long, flowing moustache?

ANGE. Why, no; you are mistaken. He was short and rather stout, and always went clean shaven.

FLY. Oh, yes; so he did. I was looking at another fellow. I see him now. (*Business of pointing.*) He had large blue eyes and light hair.

ANGE. Why, no; he had small black eyes and dark curly hair.

FLY. Well, now, that's funny, I should get him mixed up with somebody else. Excuse me a moment while I commune with the spirit land. (*Goes to cabinet and runs into PALMY, who has been standing close to the entrance. Both yell "Ough!" FLY. makes mysterious passes in front of cabinet, punches at the curtain as if trying to hit PALM., and exit in cabinet.*)

ANGE. Oh, I do hope he will succeed. Just think how delighted my poor departed Augustus will be to again commune with his doting Angelica.

Enter FLY. from cabinet.

FLY. (*Making mysterious passes with his hands*). Oh, Augustus, Augustus, come forth, my dear Augustus!

Enter PALM. from cabinet, made up to resemble as closely as possible the description given by ANGE.

ANGE. 'Tis he! Dear, dear Augustus, won't you speak to me?

PALM. Sure, I'll speak. What's in it?

FLY. (*Aside to PALM.*). Shut up, you fool!

PALM. (*Confused. Imagines that FLY. is coaching him as to what to say*). Shut up, you fool!

ANGE. Don't you know me, Augustus?

PALM. Sure, I'd know you anywhere.

FLY. (*Aside to PALM.*). I'll kill you in a minute.

ANGE. Augustus, dear, you know when you died you left no will, and I have often wished that I could ascertain your wishes in regard to a division of the property. Won't you advise me what to do?

FLY. (*Aside to PALM.*). Actors' Home, \$10,000, understand? Work it up. Great gag!

PALM. (*Repeating*). Actors' Home. Ten thousand dollars. Understand? Work it up. Great gag!

ANGE. Why, Augustus, what do you mean?

FLY. (*To ANGE.*). The strain of materialization is too great; he is scarcely able to speak. It seems he wants you to devote \$10,000 to building a home for actors.

ANGE. But this is so unusual. He always had the greatest antipathy to actors or anything connected with the stage.

FLY. (*Aside*). Why, the mean-old thing!

ANGE. (*To PALM.*) However, it shall be as you say, my dear Augustus. But who shall undertake the task of providing such an establishment?

FLY. (*Aside to PALM.*). Me! Say me!

PALM. (*Repeating*). Me, say me!

FLY. (*Aside to PALM.*). Fool.

PALM. (*Repeating*). Fool.

ANGE. (*To PALM.*) Why, Augustus, I am surprised. Whom do you wish to select?

FLY. (*Aside to PALM.*). Say your old friend Fakemup.

PALM. (*Repeating*). Your old friend Fakemup.

ANGE. Why, I never met the man before to-day.

FLY. (*Motioning to PALM., points to himself. PALM. repeating, points to himself*).

ANGE. (*To FLY.*) Why, what does he mean?

FLY. He's trying to tell you that his strength is failing; that he cannot remain here much longer. See! He is even

now disappearing. (*Motioning to PALM.*) He is fading from view. (*PALM. backs up toward cabinet.*) Soon he will be with you no more.

ANGE. (*Holding handkerchief to her eyes. Tearfully.*) Oh, dear Augustus, do not leave me. (*PALM. backs up to cabinet, catches his foot in the curtain, falls backward, pulling the cabinet down over him. Struggles up and exit C. D. ANGE. screams and exit R. 2 E., followed by FLY.*).

Enter JUVE, AHI and WANTO, door C.

JUVE. What's the use of kickin'? Why don't you wait until he refuses to pay you?

AHI. Well, you can bet he will pay me or there'll be the biggest row you ever heard.

WANTO (*Doubling up fist*). To say nothing of what he'll get from me.

Enter FLY., door R. 2 E.

FLY. (*Excitedly*). I've got it! I've got it!

ALL. Got what?

FLY. The check, money! I'll be back in a minute. Wait for me. Don't do anything till you hear from me. (*Exit hurriedly, door L. 2 E.*)

AHI. I always told you that he'd go daffy if he didn't quit smokin' those cigarettes.

WANTO. We've got him sure enough this time.

JUVE. He must have had something to drink in the next room.

Enter FLY., door L. 2 E., with packages of paper money.

FLY. (*Unwrapping a package and throwing the bills in the air*). And the bank was right across the street.

ALL. What's this?

FLY. Can't you see? Money! Money! Money to burn!

Enter PALM., door C., all broken up. Limping.

FLY. Come here, Palmy; here's where you git your salary, all in chunks. (*Goes to PALM. and hands him a package of bills.*)

PALM. What is it, stage money?

FLY. No, Palmy, it's the real goods at last. Here are a thousand dollars for you. I guess that'll settle up all the back salary I owe you.

PALM. (*Refusing*). No, I won't take it. I've been on the boards for nearly thirty years, and I never got a full salary in my life, and I positively refuse to start in at my time of life to encourage any such foolishness.

FLY. (*To ALL. Pointing C.*). Go! Go! All of you! Tell the rest the show will start out again to-morrow; perhaps to-day. Hurry up! And tell them that the board bills will be settled immediately. (*ALL gather up a handful of bills and exeunt door C.* FLY. *throwing up another package of bills*). Hurrah! Hurrah!

Enter SETTLE, door L. 2 E.

SETTLE (*Gazing at FLY. in surprise*). Excuse me. Are Mrs. Goodwin and her daughter here?

FLY. (*Gazing at SETTLE abstractedly*). Mrs. who?

Enter ANGE., door R. 2 E., followed by ETHEL and party.

SETTLE (*Crossing*). Why, my dear Mrs. Goodwin, I am so glad to find you.

ANGE. Why, what has happened?

SETTLE. Did you not receive my note?

ANGE. Why, no; I have not heard from you in over a week.

SETTLE. That is strange. But no matter. I can explain its import. Yesterday, in looking over some papers belonging to another client, I discovered some of your husband's documents, and among them a prescription for an embalming fluid, the secret of which he had obtained in the Sandwich Islands, and to which was attached an offer of five hundred thousand dollars, evidently received just prior to his death.

ANGE. Yes, yes; I remember there was such a prescription.

SETTLE. Very well. But, unfortunately, I have been unable to find the clerk by whom I sent you the note containing the prescription.

Hurry music, pp.

Enter LINGER, door L. 2 E.

LINGER. Where is he? Where is he?

ALL. He? Who?

LINGER (*To SETTLE*). Oh, sir, it was wrong, I know it was, but I met a party of friends and could not restrain a desire to visit, for the first time, a spiritualistic seance held in this very room. While here, the medium was supposed to materialize the spirit of a noted financier, A. Fishpond Organ, who expressed a willingness to invest whatever money might be placed in his care. In the excitement of the moment, I placed my wallet in his hands, forgetting that the envelope which you entrusted to my care was in that wallet.

SETTLE. The contents of that note were well worth five hundred thousand dollars.

FLY. (*Back up R. Has business of examining all his pockets in an intense desire to find the missing wallet, not realizing that the same was taken from his pocket by FAKEMUP when they changed clothes*).

LINGER. Where is Fakemup?

ANGE. (*Pointing to FLY.*). Why, there he is!

LINGER. No, not him; the other one?

FLY. He was taken to the police station.

SETTLE (*To LINGER*). Run there as quickly as you can. I will wait for you here.

LINGER. As you say, sir. (*Exit door L. 2 E.*)

SETTLE (*To ANGE.*). If that document is lost, I shall never forgive myself for entrusting it to that stupid fool.

ANGE. Oh, never mind; I have no doubt but that he will be able to find it at the police station.

Enter FAKEMUP, door L. 2 E., coatless, hatless, all broken up.

FAKE. (*To FLY.*). What do you mean by such actions? Imposter! Scoundrel! Get out of here immediately!

Enter PALM., JUVE, AHI and WANTO, door C.

FLY. (*To FAKE.*). The coat, my coat! The one you had on! Tell me, where is it?

FAKE. I left it at the police station.

SETTLE. Good; then my clerk will get it there.

Enter LINGER, hastily, L. 2 E. FAKE. and FLY. gesticulate with each other up R.

LINGER. It was not there; it is gone! Oh, I am lost. (*Sees FAKE. Rushes to him.*) Tell me, you saw my wallet, did you have it? Where is it?

FAKE. Yes, I saw it. It was in the coat I wore to the police station.

SETTLE. And where is the coat? Speak the truth, my good man, and you shall be well rewarded.

FAKE. On my way back I met a band of missionaries about to start for the Sandwich Islands. One of them asked me for assistance to their worthy cause. I told him I had no money with me, but gave him the coat, which was all I could spare, and hastened on my way.

SETTLE. The missionaries were to sail on the steamer "Golden Gate." It sails at noon, precisely.

LINGER (*Looking at his watch*). It is now twelve twenty-five.

ANGE. Then they have gone.

FLY. And the wallet is lost. (*Faints in FAKE's arms.*)

SETTLE. Five hundred thousand dollars is well worth securing.

ANGE. You are right. Hasten to the steamship office! Engage the fastest steamer in the harbor, and we will try to intercept them!

SETTLE. It shall be as you say. (*Exit door L. 2 E.*)

FLY. (*Recovering*). And we'll go along, and start the Actors' Home in the Sandwich Islands!

ANGE. (*Turning, perceives PALM. Screams and yells*). Oh, Augustus! (*Starts toward PALM. in an appealing manner.*)

ETHEL (*Restraining ANGE.*). Why, mamma, what is the matter?

FLY. (*Grabbing PALM. and pulling him away from ANGE.*). Back up, you fool, or you'll spoil everything.

PALM. (*Repeating to ANGE.*). Back up, you fool, or you'll spoil everything!

PICTURE.

Swell music.

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Plain interior, doors R. and L., card on door R. C. marked "Captain." Cards bearing numbers on other doors. See Scene Plot for stage settings.*

Lively nautical music until curtain up.

Enter CAPTAIN and SECOND OFFICER, door R., and stand center.

SECOND OFFICER. I tell you, Captain, she'll be the neatest craft that ever sailed the waters.

CAPTAIN. How long you been working on this idea?

SEC. OFF. Oh, I built the model three years ago, and one day an eastern capitalist interested himself and put in an order to build a boat after my plans; and the foreman of the ship building works told me to-day that she would be ready for a trial trip on our return from this voyage.

DEP. SHER. *sticks his head out door R. and listens.*

CAPT. What do you expect to do with her?

SEC. OFF. Oh, I expect to take quite a cruise if she doesn't bust her nose on the rocks.

CAPT. How are you going to be able to guard against a discovery of your scheme?

SEC. OFF. Oh, I have selected my men all right for that purpose. Every one of them is as mum as an oyster.

CAPT. That's a good idea.

DEP. SHER. (*Aside*). What is this I hear?

SEC. OFF. Her nose is a perfect model.

CAPT. Pointed or curved?

SEC. OFF. Pointed.

CAPT. That's good; she'll cut through the water faster.

SEC. OFF. Well, if she don't, I'll have it cut off and change her model all right, all-right!

DEP. SHER. (*Aside*). Aha! They're going to cut off somebody's nose, eh?

CAPT. Do you remember the time we stove up the other one on the rocks?

SEC. OFF. Yes; didn't she go to the bottom in a hurry?

CAPT. (*Laughing*). I suppose her ribs are sticking in the mud down there yet.

SEC. OFF. (*Laughing*). Yes, that certainly was a rum job.

CAPT. Well, I hope you have better luck this time.

SEC. OFF. Well, if I don't, I'll send her to Davey Jones' locker in a hurry, you can bet.

CAPT. We'd better go up on deck before something happens.

SEC. OFF. Aye, aye, sir, right you are! (*Exeunt CAPTAIN and SECOND OFFICER door L.*)

Enter DEPUTY SHERIFF from door R.

DEP. SHER. Well, this is certainly the limit! I come all this way to nab that fellow Flybynite for jumping his board bill, and here I fall right onto a plot that would make Sherlock Holmes' hair stand on end. But just let me catch them comin' their murderin' games while I'm on board this ship and I'll see to it that they get all that's comin' to them. (*Shaking his fist L.*) Oh, you villains! Beware how you plot to cut off noses and carry out your other murderous designs! for I am on your track. And when you least expect it, I will be there to thwart your vile schemes! (*Again shaking his fist L.*) Don't forget. I'll be there. I'll be there! (*Exit, door R.*)

Enter WANTO and AHI, door L.

WANTO. Well, of all the crazy ideas I ever heard of, this is the worst!

AHI. To think of our being buncoed into sailing to the Sandwich Islands on a wild goose chase like this.

WANTO. And all to secure a piece of paper.

AHI. Which nobody is sure ever existed.

WANTO. Well, if I don't get some money to-night I'll quit, and that's all there is about it.

AHI. And then what will you do?

WANTO. Why, go back home again, of course.

AHI. Well, how are you going to get there? The walkin' isn't very good on the Pacific Ocean.

WANTO. Oh, I'll find some way to get there, all right. If I can't do any better, I'll tear the blooming ship to pieces, and make it into a raft. I'll—I'll——

Enter FLY., door L., followed by PALM.

FLY. (*To WANTO and AHI*). Why, ladies, what are you doing down here? Why aren't you up on deck enjoying the beautiful scenery?

WANTO. Oh, that's an old story. All the pay I got for the first three seasons was to look at the scenery. What I want is money, and plenty of it, do you hear?

AHI. Yes, money and plenty of it.

FLY. Why, my dear ladies, I beg of you not to——

WANTO. Now, don't try to jolly us. We won't stand for it.

AHI. And that goes, too, see!

PALM. Why don't you give him a chance——

FLY. (*Interrupting*). Listen, ladies, say no more. Quit your kicking, and hereafter I'll guarantee to give you each a star dressing room.

WANTO. Oh, that's different.

AHI. Now you're talking business.

WANTO. (*To AHI*). Come on, dear, let's go up on deck and enjoy the beautiful scenery.

AHI. Yes, dear, let us enjoy the beautiful scenery. (*Exeunt WANTO and AHI door L.*)

PALM. (*Imitating WANTO and AHI*). Yes, let us enjoy the beautiful scenery. (*Exit after WANTO and AHI.*)

FLY. Talk about an all star troupe, I won't be able to see anything but stars if I keep on promising star dressing rooms.

Enter DEP. SHER., door R.

DEP. SHER. Aha, I've caught you at last!

FLY. (*Aside*). That's me. It isn't hard to catch a fly. (*Referring to his name.*)

DEP. SHER. Don't get fly with me.

FLY. No, I'll not fly with thee. In fact, I prefer my own company. Ta, ta, old man! See you later. I'm going up on deck to look at the beautiful scenery. (*Exit, quickly, door L.*)

DEP. SHER. All right, you may escape me this time, but the next time I see you, I'll be there! (*Exit, door L., after FLY. Loud noise heard.*)

Enter FLY., door L. All broken up.

FLY. That deputy sheriff is the hardest man to get away from that I ever tackled. I wouldn't mind so much about his busting my hat, and tearing my clothes, but when it comes to giving me a black eye, I cry quits. I'll have to get out of here, or the first thing I know he'll be giving me another dose of his love taps. (*Runs to first door L. C., and tries to exit. The occupant screams and shakes her fist at FLY. as he reappears. FLY. goes to door R. C., marked "Captain." Opens door and looks out.*) There is the Captain, asleep! Ah! a scheme! I'll give him a potion that will make him sleep for the rest of the voyage. Then I'll assume command of the ship and sail her whither the spirit moves me. (*Exit door R. C.*)

Enter PALM., door L., carrying an actor's makeup box, which he places on a small table, R.

PALM. I have an idea which is a *great* idea. When Mrs. Goodwin desired to talk to the spirit of her dear departed Augustus, I impersonated him so carefully that she thought he had truly returned to life. It is more than evident that she loved him. Aye, loved him much. Now, if it was possible for me to pass myself off as her husband, why shouldn't I put on that same make-up and retain it in such a manner as to remain her husband? What's the difference as long as she does not realize the substitution, it will but make her the happier and as for me—it might provide me with an eternal meal ticket. I'll try it. (*He opens the make-up box, and gradually makes up the same as in act first, when he impersonated the spirit of Angelica's husband, interpolating such lines as "The nose is perfect," "the eyes—great," "that is the exact curve of the mouth," etc., etc., while gazing in the mirror as he is making up. Bestows a final glance in the mirror as he finishes. Stage lights down, three-fourths.*)

Enter ANGE., from state room, L. C.

ANGE. (*Soliloquizing*). For some reason I cannot sleep to-night. Ever since I was enabled to look upon the materialized spirit of my dear, departed Augustus, his form has been constantly before me. Waking or sleeping, I seem to be gazing upon his loving face—just as he appeared in life. I wonder what it all means? Is he merely signifying his desire to be near me, or is it prophetic of coming events, implying that I am soon to join him in the great beyond? (*Perceives PALM. and suppresses a slight scream.*) There he is now! I am almost inclined to be frightened! I don't know whether to remain here or to run to my room. (*Suddenly addressing PALM.*) Tell me! (*PALM. jumps in surprise.*) Have I not fulfilled your wishes? Has anything happened to incur your displeasure?

PALM. (*Recovering from his surprise, and deciding to take advantage of her credulity.*) Well, you might have given the money to me, instead of handing it over to the other fellow.

ANGE. Why, my dear, you told me to give it to him!

PALM. (*Reflecting*). Did I? Then I ought to be reprimanded for my carelessness.

ANGE. Well, if you do not approve of the plan, I shall at once ask him to return the amount.

PALM. No, no! You musn't! He'd get next to me in a minute!

ANGE. *Get next?* I do not comprehend!

PALM. He'd be wise to my first move.

ANGE. Please stop talking in enigmas, Augustus, and explain yourself.

PALM. (*Aside*). The make-up "stands pat." She thinks I'm her "dear Augustus" all right. (*To ANGE.*) Why, if you tried to get him to give that money back, he'd be "on to me with both feet" in a minute.

ANGE. Well, I'd like to catch anybody putting his feet on you! I'd have him arrested! Oh, Augustus, dear, don't look so sad! You remind me of the time you drank a bottle of bluing by mistake, and thought you were poisoned. Do you remember it?

PALM. (*Aside*). Do I remember drinking a bottle of bluing by mistake? That's a good joke. (*To ANGE.*) Oh, yes, I remember drinking the bluing all right. That's what makes me so green to-day.

ANGE. And—oh, say—(*Laughing.*) Do you remember when you were courting me, and we were strolling along the country road, and we sat down to rest on a rock, and there was a bumblebee's nest under the rock—and you tipped it when you sat down—and disturbed the bumblebees, and one of them flew at you——

PALM. (*Imitating her tone of voice*). And the little beelet stung me on my little noselet?

ANGE. (*Laughing*). No, no—don't you remember? You jumped up and screamed and ran off down the road as if your very life depended upon it, and I stayed there and killed all the bees and finally coaxed you to come back and help me eat the honey?

PALM. Oh, yes. And we had bumblebee honey and hot biscuits for lunch.

ANGE. (*Laughing*). I'm afraid you don't like to recall that occasion. But do you remember how romantic you used to get in those days? And the poetry you used to write? Won't you recite some of it for me now? Oh, please do.

PALM. (*Caught*). I fear I have forgotten it.

ANGE. Oh, pshaw! You must recall some of it. Why, you even composed a verse while we were eating the honey.

PALM. (*Reflecting*). Oh, yes. So I did.

ANGE. You couldn't have forgotten that.

PALM. (*Aside*). Now I'm in for it! What the devil shall I recite? (*Clearing his throat to gain time.*) Ahem! Ahem!

ANGE. I thought you would remember that.

PALM. (*Clearing his throat*). Ahem! (*Aside.*) I'll have to make a bluff at it, so here goes. (*Recites—interspersing the lines with ridiculous gestures.*)

A maddened bull, of the genus "cow," down the road was rushing.

Within his view, by the roadside, stood two summer lovers gushing.

The maiden's red shawl attracted the gaze of this "bull of the genus cow,"

A rush and a scream and the gentle maid is above with the angels now.

ANGE. (*Surprised*). Oh, Augustus, how could you?

FLY. (*Sticking his head out of door marked "Captain."*) Yes, Augustus, how could you?

ANGE. (*Perceiving FLY*). Oh, the Captain! What will he think of me? (*Exit quickly door L. C.*)

Enter FLY, door marked "Captain."

FLY. (*Coming out and locking the door after him. He is dressed in the Captain's uniform. Addressing PALM., haughtily*). Come, come, what means this diversification?

PALM. Well, you see, Captain, it's like this——

FLY. Back! Back! How many times have I got to tell you that you *must* stay in your cage?

PALM. (*Inspecting FLY*). Well, if it isn't Flybynight! All dressed up in the Captain's clothes!

FLY. No! Not in the Captain's clothes! These are *my* clothes! I am now the commander of this ship, and I'll tell you right now that you want to cut out this gag of edging up to that wealthy widow, or I'll fire you out.

PALM. You seem to forget that I am the spirit of her "dear departed Augustus."

FLY. I'll make you forget you're alive if you don't—— Stay! Here comes the last sad remnants of the San Francisco law and order brigade.

Enter DEP. SHER., door L.

DEP. SHER. (*Aside*). He has escaped me again. But let him show his face on deck, and I'll be there! (*To FLY.*) Good morrow, Captain.

FLY. (*Handing a coin to DEP. SHER.*) Ah, my good man, take it! 'Tis all the small change I have about me. (*To PALM.*) Come, let us go up on deck and enjoy the beautiful scenery. (*Exit with PALM., door L.*)

DEP. SHER. He must have taken me for a beggar. (*Looking at coin.*) It's only a cent, anyhow. Take your miserable cent! I don't need your pennies! (*Throws the*

coin after FLY. and PALM.) Ah! Now I can follow the (s)cent! (*Exit, door L.*)

Enter ETHEL, *door R.*

ETHEL. There is a handsome young man up on the deck, whom I am almost certain is Mons. Juve Nile, of the famous "Flybynight Company." I have been just dying to meet him. What a pity there is no mutual friend here to introduce us.

Enter JUVE, *door R.*

JUVE. (*Aside*). I have been trying all the evening to recollect where I have seen that beautiful young lady I met up on deck, and now it has suddenly dawned upon me that she is the one who used to occupy the left lower box at nearly every performance.

ETHEL (*Aside*). I shall ask Prof. Fakemup to introduce us.

JUVE. (*Perceiving* ETHEL.) Why, there she is now. I'll make a break if I hang for it. (*Goes to ETHEL and tips his hat.*) I beg your pardon, I——(ETHEL gazes at him in astonishment.) Excuse me! (*He suddenly walks up L. as if he had merely been promenading.*)

ETHEL (*Aside*). That's him now. I wonder what he's trying to do?

JUVE. (*Aside*). I'll not give her up so easily as all that. Here's another scheme. (*Takes notebook and pencil from pocket. Writes in note book, and going to ETHEL hands the book and pencil to her.*) Pardon me. I believe you dropped this.

ETHEL. (*Taking notebook and pencil*). Oh, thank you. Perhaps I did. (*Reads from note book.*) "Scene: Grand Opera House—beautiful girl in left lower box." (ETHEL writes in note book and hands it and the pencil to JUVE.)

JUVE (*Taking note book and pencil, reads*). "Handsome young man on stage—gazing at young lady in box." (*Aside.*) She is the same party, all right.

ETHEL (*Cautiously*). Ahem.

JUVE (*Aside*). I wish I could think of something to

say. Ah! I have it! I'll write it! (*Writes in note book and hands it and the pencil to ETHEL.*)

ETHEL (*Taking book and pencil, reads*). "Young man on stage thought young lady in box the most divine creature he had ever beheld. (*Writes in book and hands back to JUVE.*)

JUVE (*Taking book and pencil, reads*). "Young lady thought young man perfectly adorable." (*Writes in book and hands to ETHEL.*)

ETHEL (*Taking book and pencil, reads*). "Young man is just dying to become acquainted with young lady." (*Writes in book and hands to JUVE.*)

JUVE (*Taking book and pencil, reads*). "Young lady thinks getting acquainted preferable to young man dying." (*Writes in book and hands to ETHEL.*)

ETHEL (*Taking book and pencil, reads*). "My name is Mons. Juve Nile." (*Writes in book and hands to JUVE.*)

JUVE (*Taking book and pencil, reads*). "My name is Ethel Goodwin." (*To ETHEL.*) Delighted to know you, Miss Goodwin.

ETHEL. No more than I am to know you, Mons. Juve Nile.

Enter WANTO, and AHI, door L.

WANTO. Oh, look at Juve Nile making a mash.

AHI. I wonder if he never thinks of anything else?

WANTO. Hello, Juve! Give us an intro to your girl.

AHI. (*To JUVE*). What did you do? Give her the gag that you'd get her a posish in the company?

ETHEL (*To JUVE*). Why, what do they mean?

JUVE (*Turning his back on WANTO. and AHI.*). Oh, never mind them. They don't know what they're talking about.

WANTO. Oh, we don't, eh?

AHI. (*To WANTO*). Never mind, Wanto dear, just wait until Juve Nile comes around again to borrow the money to get his laundry with, and then we may remind him that we are not worth talking to.

WANTO. Yes. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! Don't forget, Juve, that from now on, Flybynight has promised us

that we shall occupy the star dressing rooms, didn't he, Ahi, dear?

AHI. Yes, my dear. (*To JUVE.*) Ta, ta, Juve Nile.

WANTO (*To ETHEL*). Ta, ta, little girl.

AHI. Ta, ta. Ta, ta. (*Exeunt door R., laughing.*)

ETHEL. The horrid things! What right have they to talk that way to you?

JUVE. No right at all. They just do it, that's all. But as we were about to say——

Enter DEP. SHER., door L.

DEP. SHER. Say! Have you seen anything of that miserable, sneaky, board-jumping cuss called "Flybynight?"

JUVE. No. What's the matter?

DEP. SHER. *Matter?* Matter enough! Didn't I come aboard this ship for the express purpose of nailin' him—and hain't he disappeared off'n the face of the earth completely? Mean skunk! To drop out of sight when I wanted him so badly! But you just wait till he shows up again! You can bet that I'll be there on both feet, and if I ever lay my hands on him, I'll never let go till the cows come home. See? (*Exit, door R.*)

ETHEL. Who is that man? Mercy! How he frightened me!

JUVE. Oh, he's only a deputy sheriff. You generally find one of them wherever you come across a show.

ETHEL. You do?

JUVE. Why, to be sure. A show wouldn't look natural without two or three deputy sheriffs hanging around.

ETHEL. Oh, how funny.

JUVE. Well, when you've had as much experience with them as I have, you'll think it anything but funny.

Enter SETTLE, door L.

SETTLE (*Seasick*). Oh, why was I ever fool enough to come aboard this steamer? Oh! If I only live to get to land, I'll never attempt it again! (*Perceives ETHEL and JUVE.*) Well, upon my soul! What is all this going on?

ETHEL. Oh, Mr. Settle, you look sick. You'd better go to your stateroom.

SETTLE. Ethel, how could you so far forget yourself as to remain here talking to one of those show-actors?

ETHEL. Oh, Mr. Settle, I must introduce you, and let you perceive how mistaken you are.

SETTLE (*Ignoring the remark*). And as for you, sir (*To JUVE.*), permit me to state that it will never do—never do at all.

JUVE. And permit me to state that I am an American gentleman, minding my own business, and must insist upon you doing the same.

SETTLE. What's this? I must put a stop to this at once! I'll have you understand, sir, that I am—I am—oh, I'm so sick! Excuse me. I'll be back in a minute. (*Going L.*) Yes, sir, I'll surely be back in a minute. (*Starts to exit, L., but a sudden movement of the ship is supposed to throw him off his feet, and he falls back on the floor.*) As I said, I'll be back in a minute. (*Rising.*) Oh, how sick I am! But I'll be back in a minute! (*Starts to exit door, L., but shifts unsteadily.*) I—I'm so sick! (*Tumbles out door L.*)

JUVE (*Laughing*). Oh, yes, he'll "be back in a minute," all right.

ETHEL. He'll be *on* his back, you mean.

JUVE. It's a shame to be so interrupted the first time we meet!

ETHEL. That's what I say.

JUVE. And I have been *so* anxious to meet you.

ETHEL. But now that we know each other, we're not going to be strangers any more, are we?

JUVE (*Putting his arm around her and kissing her*). Well, not if I can help it.

A love song or duet can be introduced if desired.

Enter FLY., door L.

FLY. Juve Nile! I'm astonished! How many times have I got to tell you that you must not mash?

ETHEL. Sir! How dare you?

FLY. Excuse me—beg your pardon—I meant to say flirt. Which, however, does not in the least mitigate the enormity

of the crime. But as this is your first offense, I'll let you off easily, and only fine you one week's salary. But remember, hereafter when you are tempted, send for your Uncle Dudley—otherwise me—Flybynight. When it comes to flirtation, I am the original Cuckoo-bird, and whenever there is anything doing in that line, nobody can attend to the affair with more alacrity, delicacy and precision than yours truly. (*Attempts to embrace ETHEL.*)

ETHEL (*Dodging him*). Sir! Your conduct is shameful!

JUVE. Yes, sir, your conduct is most abominable!

FLY. What's this? Mutiny in the camp? Well, Juve Nile, I see I'll have to discipline you. I'm afraid you'll have very little salary coming to you when you pay the many fines. I shall consider it my duty to impose upon you.

JUVE. Oh, pshaw! I never get any salary anyhow, so what's the difference?

FLY. What's this I hear?

JUVE. That is what I said, and I've made up my mind to have nothing more to do with you unless you pay me at least five dollars immediately.

FLY. *Five dollars?* Advance you five dollars? Well, that is certainly the most unheard of proposition imaginable! Why, haven't I allowed you to travel around the country with my celebrated company? Haven't I permitted you to view the beautiful scenery? Haven't I provided you with three square meals a day? (When there was any in sight.) And pray, what do I get for all this indulgence? You not only disregard my rules and force your attentions upon this unsophisticated maiden, but you demand five dollars in hard, cold cash! Why, man, you're a hog! Have a cigarette! (*Offers a bag of tobacco, and the paper to roll a cigarette to JUVE.*)

JUVE. That settles it! (*Refusing.*) You just get another juvenile man. I'm done!

FLY. Oh, Juve Nile, do not speak thusly! I admit I may have been hasty, but reflect—I have introduced you to an admiring public! I have been sponsor for your success! I have made you a part and parcel of my company, and

now, without you the company cannot exist. See! Juve Nile, united we stand! Divided we fall! (*Loud noise heard off L.*) What was that? An earthquake?

ETHEL (*Looking out door of ANGE's stateroom*). No, that was only mamma falling out of bed.

Enter ANGE., door of stateroom, L. C.

ANGE. What is all this noise about?

FLY. (*Taking her hand*). Ah, my dear Mrs. Goodwin, it was merely a threatened rupture in my famous company, but fortunately the disaster has been most happily averted.

A quartette may be introduced if desired.

Enter SEC. OFF. hastily, door L., followed by PALM.

Hurry music, pp.

SEC. OFF. (*Excitedly to FLY., whom he mistakes for the CAPTAIN*). Land ho, sir! Reefs in sight! We're liable to be wrecked any moment, sir!

FLY. Wrecked? Oh, no, don't do it!

SEC. OFF. What are your orders, sir?

FLY. I shall take personal command of the ship, at once!

SEC. OFF. Aye, aye, sir. (*Exit door, L.*)

PALM. Then I want to get out and walk.

FLY. (*Calls*). All hands on deck! (*A hand is extended from each door and entrance and shaken at FLY. He calls.*) All hands off the deck! (*All hands are withdrawn. He calls.*) Let out the sail! (*A sign reading "For Sale" is extended from door L. He calls.*) Take in the sheet! (*A bed sheet is thrown out, door C., then drawn off.*) Weigh the anchor. (*PALM. weighs a toy anchor in a small pair of scales.*)

Enter SEC. OFF., door L.

SEC. OFF. To the boats! To the boats! It's your only chance to escape! (*Terrific crash is heard.*)

FLY. We have struck the rocks!

SEC. OFF. The boat is sinking!

ALL (*Scrambling for exits*). Help! Help!

Loud Hurry Music.

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Exterior. Landscape backing. Wood wings R. and L. See Scene Plot for stage settings.*

Loud, mysterious native music until throne seated.

DISCOVERED.—NATIVES, lined up R. and L., awaiting the entrance of their king.

Enter KING FUCLOS, L. U. E., seated on a rude throne, borne by natives.

NATIVES (*Cheer the KING and call in unison*). Hail! Hail to the King! Long live the king! (*Native throne-bearers seat the throne U. C.*)

KING. My greeting to the faithful.

BIG-FITE (*Addressing the KING*). Oh mighty ruler of the sun, moon and stars! (*All salaam to the KING.*) After a war of many moons' duration with our former friends the Wee Gees, we have at last conquered the enemy. Our supremacy in the Fu Fu Islands is now undisputed, and to perpetuate your majesty's complete mastery over them, they will this day present to your supreme highness a statue of the God of Peace. (*Salaam.*)

KING. Let the statue of the God of Peace be brought before me.

BIG. Oh, mighty ruler, it shall be as you command! (*Salaam to KING and exit backward, R. U. E., bowing low at each few steps.*)

NATIVES (*All salaam and shout*). Hail to the King! Long live the King!

Enter WEE GEE NATIVES, bearing one of their number, noticeably arranged to represent a statue. Others follow, bearing a pedestal, which they place down L., and stand the supposed statue on it.

FIRST WEE GEE (*To STATUE, aside*). Now, remember! To move is to die! You are a statue! You are marble! You have no heart—no soul—no feeling! If you are patient, you may yet be released! If you move, you surely die! (*Scrutinizes statue, who remains motionless.* FIRST

WEE GEE, *going to KING, salaams.*) Oh King of Kings!
(*Throws himself at the feet of the KING.*)

KING. Arise! Oh, courier of the mighty Wee Gees!
What greeting bring you from your chief?

FIRST WEE (*Arising*). Oh, mighty ruler of the universe!
"It is for you to command, and the Wee Gees to obey!"
Thus saith our mighty chieftain.

KING. Thy words are as music to my ears, oh Prince of the Wee Gees.

FIRST WEE. Hoping that your august majesty may join with the Wee Gees in rejoicing that peace now reigns between us, our mighty Chieftain has commanded us to bring unto you and your people and to present to you in his name a statue of the God of Peace, praying thus to establish between us a life of eternal peace!

NATIVES (*All salaam and call*). Hail to the King!
Long live the King!

Hurry music, pp.

Enter NATIVE COURIER, L. U. E.

COUR. (*Salaam to KING*). Your majesty——

KING. Speak quickly! What has happened?

COUR. A mighty steamer has crashed upon the rocks, and the passengers, with the aid of the small boats, are landing on our shores!

KING. Seize them! Capture them! How dare they thus intrude upon our sacred soil? (*Exit L. U. E., followed by all excepting the STATUE.*)

NATIVES (*As they exit.*) Long live the King!

Enter DEP. SHER., R. 2 E.

Stop music.

DEP. SHER. During the excitement of the wreck, that infernal Flybynight has escaped me again! But I shall find him yet, and when I do——(*Sees STATUE.*) Ah! That may be him now in disguise! It's a mighty quick change, but I know he is equal to the emergency! (*Goes to STATUE, pointing revolver.*) Hands up, you rascal! So, I've caught you at last, eh? And alone, too? (*Noting that*

STATUE *remains motionless—aside.*) He must have become deaf! Maybe he got his ears full of salt water in reaching land—I know I did. (*To* STATUE.) Come now! Don't try to work that deaf game on me! It don't go, see? I've caught you this time with the goods on! (*Noticing scant clothing of the* STATUE.) No, I mean *without* the goods on! Oh, how I'd like to shove a knife in your back and cancel our future engagements! But that would be cheating justice, which would never do! Come, come, you're wanted at San Francisco Police Headquarters and I'll never let you out of my sight again until I get you there, dead or alive! (*Nudges* STATUE.) Come, step lively now! I want to get down to the beach, and watch for a passing steamer to take us back home. (*Nudges, pinches, pushes and strikes* STATUE, *ad. lb.* *As* STATUE *remains motionless, he straddles him on his back, and exit,* R. 2 E.)

Hurry music, pp., until all on.

Enter KING and NATIVES, L. U. E., *leading as captives,* FLY., PALM., SETTLE, JUVE, ANGE., ETHEL, WANTO and AHI.

AHI. Well ain't this the limit? (*Shaking off* NATIVE *who is holding her.*) Take your dirty paws off from me, you nasty beast! (*To* OTHERS.) Say, listen! Let's all start fighting at the same time and clean up the bunch!

PALM. (*To* AHI). Aw, nix! Let up, will yer? You only makes matters worse by gabbing so much.

NATIVES (*As* KING *ascends the throne, all salaam and shout*). Long live the King!

BIG. (*To* KING). What are your majesty's commands in regards to the prisoners?

FIRST WEE. (*Salaam*). Oh, mighty ruler! Woe betide your most humble servant! A terrible calamity has come to pass! Someone has stolen the statute of the God of Peace!

KING. (*To* FLY.). Advance! Oh evil one! (*Native throws* FLY *in front of* KING.) Were it merely your sin of intrusion, we might allow you to proceed unmolested as

long as you peacefully left our island, and no longer defiled it's sacred soil by your hateful presence! But, oh evil one! None too great can be thy punishment now that we have discovered your most terrible crime! Oh spirit of evil! You are accused of having stolen the statue of the God of Peace! What have you to say for yourself?

FLY. (*Flippantly*). What! Me? Steal a statue of the God of Peace? How ridiculous! What would I do with it?

KING. Dissemble not, oh spirit of evil! The statue was perceived by our own eyes to repose on yon spot, but even as thou didst appear, so did the statue disappear!

FLY. Oh, is that all? Well, that is very easily explained. The statue wasn't the real article. It was working under somebody else's non de plume. In other words, oh sage ruler, in the common vernacular of the 20th century, it was a plain, every day, unvarnished fake!

FIRST WEE. (*In a rage, to FLY.*). How dare you speak thus of the sacred statue of the God of Peace, which was a gift from our mighty Chieftain to his gracious majesty, King Fuclos, to perpetuate the reign of peace now existing between the two nations? (*To KING.*) Command me, oh mighty ruler, that I may strike the base reviler down at thy feet!

FLY. (*To FIRST WEE*). Why, you bum imitation of a World's Fair lithograph, do you know whom you are addressing? (*To KING*). Your majesty, again I must insist that the aforementioned statue was a fake! I admit that it may have disappeared as I approached, but I do not wonder thereat. In fact, I marvel that it did not go up in a puff of smoke the very minute my feet touched the land, for it never behooves a fake to look the real article in the face, and I am the real article! Look! Behold! I, who stand before you in all my regal splendor! I am the *real* God of Peace! This is my second time on earth! Down at my feet, varlets, and worship me as I fain would have thee!

PALM. (*Aside*). It's a cinch that Flybynight never loses his nerve!

FIRST WEE. (*To KING.*) Listen not, oh mighty ruler! His words are false!

NATIVES. No! No!

KING. (*To FLY.*). Oh, spirit of evil, by thine own words shalt thou be condemned! Seize the blasphemer! (*NATIVES seize FLY., et al.*) Thy followers shall be given an opportunity to repent their faith in thee, lest they suffer the same terrible fate that awaits thee. Bring forth the stake! (*Two NATIVES bring from L. 2 E. a small pedestal in the center of which stands a pole or stake.*) Bind him well! (*Two NATIVES bind FLY. and stand him beside the stake.*) Raise the axe! (*A NATIVE raises an axe, as if to strike FLY.*) Now which will you have, a steak (stake) or a chop? (*Referring to the axe. Two NATIVES bind FLY. to the stake.*)

BIG. (*Going to FLY.*). Me like you.

FLY. Ah! At last I have a friend.

BIG. Methink you make fine stew. (*Smacks his lips.*)

FLY. I object! I won't play unless I can be a fricassee.

SETTLE. Objection sustained.

KING. Away with them to the prison! Let the evil spirit remain at the stake.

NATIVES seize PALM., SETTLE, JUVE, ANGE., ETHEL, WANTO and AHI., who struggle and scream as they are dragged off, L. U. E.

Enter DEP. SHER., L. 2 E.

DEP. SHER. (*Disguised as a native, executes a grotesque dance around the stage, pausing repeatedly before FLY and then before KING. All gaze at him in amazement. He pauses down R. Aside.*). Aha! I've found the original and only Flybynight at last. They are about to burn him at the stake. That will never do. I must save his life! He belongs to me, and if he is burned up on this lone island I cannot produce him at San Francisco police headquarters and my reputation as deputy sheriff will be ruined. Ah! An idea! (*Smites his own brow and repeats the dancing, eventually winding up in front of the KING.*) Oh, King! Be not alarmed! You do not know me, for I am in disguise! Behold! I am the courier of the Great White Spirit who rules over all! He has sent me to demand that you deliver

yon evil spirit (*Indicating FLY.*) to me that I may conduct him before the Supreme Tribunal of Justice in order that he may be tried and punished for far greater sins!

FLY. (*Aside*). "Out of the frying pan into the fire!"

KING. (*To DEP. SHER.*). Oh, courier of the Great White Spirit, thou art thrice welcome to our presence, and I would most graciously grant thy request for the deliverance of yon evil spirit into thy power, but first I must insist that the statue of the God of Peace, which disappeared through his evil machinations, shall be restored to us, that we may cement our friendship with the mighty Wee Gees. (*All salaam to the KING.*)

DEP. SHER. Oh, mighty King, thou speakest well, and I fain would inform thee that yon evil spirit didst change the statue of the God of Peace into mortal shape, being none other than a certain long-haired, disreputable, seedy looking individual you may have noticed with the captives just conducted to the prison. I would suggest that he be brought hither, whereupon I will compel yon evil spirit to restore him unto you as the statue of the God of Peace.

KING. Thou speakest well. Let the long-haired individual be brought hither. (*Exit two NATIVES, L. U. E.*)

DEP. SHER. (*Aside to FLY.*). You see what I am doing. I will save your life only on the condition that you return to San Francisco with me as my prisoner.

FLY. Well, excuse me! Don't do it! I'll take my chances on being roasted by these savages! You know, as an actor I've been roasted so often by the newspapers that it's no novelty.

DEP. SHER. (*Aside to FLY.*). Hush! Here he is!

Enter NATIVES, leading PALM., who still clings to his makeup box.

PALM. (*Shaking from fright.*) Don't burn me! I didn't do nothin'! And anyhow, I'll swear I'm too tough to eat! Why don't you tackle one of the younger ones? They're more tender.

DEP. SHER. (*To KING*). Now, if your majesty will order the prisoner released—

KING. Unbind him! (*Two NATIVES release FLY.*)

DEP. SHER. Now, your majesty, what is about to occur no mortal eye dare look upon. Therefore, let all eyes be closed! (*The NATIVES all turn their backs and the KING bows his head in his hand. To FLY.*) Oh, spirit of evil, I command thee to restore the statue of the God of Peace! (*Aside to FLY.*) You know what to do. Hurry up, now.

FLY. Me! Out! (*Starts L.*)

DEP. SHER. (*Pointing revolver at FLY.*) Stop!

FLY. (*Returning.*) All right. You're it!

DEP. SHER. Now, be quick. (*They grab PALM., and place him on the pedestal, and by turning his coat inside out and otherwise changing his wearing apparel, and making up his face with the aid of the makeup box, FLY converts PALM. into a very disreputable looking statue of the God of Peace. To KING.*) Behold! The statue of the God of Peace! (*The NATIVES flock around PALM., and gaze at him in open-mouthed wonder.*)

KING. (*Descending from his throne, comes down and examines PALM.*) Very good. (*Punches PALM., who moves slightly.*) He still moves some. (*Business of KING punching, pinching and jabbing PALM. with the point of a knife, etc., ad lib. PALM., comedy business of trying to remain passive during the torture.*)

FLY. (*To KING.*) How do you like it, eh?

KING. It is well. You are my great and good friend, and to show you how I love you, you shall be the first to join me in drinking the finest wine ever prepared. Bring forth the wine! (*Exit two NATIVES, L. U. E.*)

FLY. (*Aside.*) Now for the poisoned wine gag. (*To KING.*) Where did you get it?

KING. It was prepared by a lone missionary, who came to save our souls. His breast, stewed, was the finest dish I ever ate.

FLY. (*Aside.*) I wonder what he'll say when he eats me?

Enter two NATIVES L. U. E., each bearing a small gourd which they hand to the KING and exit, L. U. E.

KING. (*Handing a gourd to FLY.*) Drink, friend,

drink! (*Drinks from his gourd and smacks his lips.* PALM. reaches over and grabs the gourd from FLY's hand. DEP. SHER. grabs it from PALM. and the KING grabs it from DEP. SHER. and drinks the contents.)

Enter two NATIVES, L. U. E., each handing the KING another gourd, taking the empty ones, and exit, L. U. E.

KING. (*Hands a gourd to FLY., and the same business is repeated, resulting in the KING drinking both again.*)

Enter two NATIVES, L. U. E., each handing a gourd to the KING, taking the empty ones and salaam.

KING. (*Hands a gourd to FLY., who retains it and is about to drink, but is delayed by PALM. trying to secure it. KING drinks and becomes intoxicated.*) Fine missionary! We eat him all! All except piece of his coat. (*Shows FLY. a piece of cloth.*)

FLY. (*Grabbing the cloth.*) Why, it's a piece of my coat which I exchanged with Fakemup. He gave it to a poor missionary. The missionary was eaten by his serene highness yonder, and the paper— (*To KING.*) Where is the paper that was in this coat?

KING. The paper tell him how to make the wine.

FLY. Why, man alive! That isn't wine! You've been drinking embalming fluid! In ten minutes you'll be a mummy and by this afternoon you'll be petrified as solid as any King of Egypt ever hoped to be!

KING. (*Gasping for breath.*) Oh! Oh! Oh! (*Falls back and is caught in the arms of NATIVES.*)

NATIVES. The King! The King!

FLY. Never mind about him! I'm your King now!

NATIVES. You?

FLY. Sure! You don't know what a good fellow I can be when I'm a King. I'll allow you all free beer, free lunch, free tobacco, free bathing and, in fact, everything free that you'll provide me the money to pay for. And if you're real good, I'll treat you all to a new dish called "Deputy Sheriff Soup."

DEP. SHER. (*Startled at FLY's sudden supremacy, ad-*

dresses the NATIVES.) Do not heed him! He is an impostor! An evil spirit!

FLY. Impostor, eh? Watch and see me turn a statue into a living man. (*To PALM., waving his hands, etc., as if performing a miracle.*) Come to life! Come out of it. (*Pulls PALM. down from pedestal.*) Hurry up and help me. (*PALM. and FLY. raise the KING and place him on the pedestal.*) See! There is the statue! (*Points to KING.*) And there is what was the statue! (*Points to PALM.* NATIVES all examine KING and PALM.) Now, who is your King? (*Runs to throne and seats himself.*) Salute your new King!

Same music as at opening of act, until FLY. exit.

NATIVES. All hail the King! Long live the King! (*They raise the throne and bear FLY off, L. U. E..*)

FLY. (*Waving his hand at PALM. and DEP. SHER.*) Ta ta! Ta ta! See you later! Ta ta! (*Exeunt NATIVES after FLY. PALM. suddenly starts as if coming out of a trance and runs off, R 2 E.*)

DEP. SHER. Foiled again! Now my reputation as a deputy sheriff has all gone up in smoke! It's a cinch that I can't arrest a King on his own throne! Especially a real live King like Flybynight! Ah! (*Striking himself on the breast.*) An idea strikes me! If I cannot arrest a live King, I can arrest a dead one, and if my reputation as a deputy sheriff is ruined, I can still make a good living by exhibiting the petrified remains of the former King Fuclos in the dime museums of the leading cities only for price. This way for the mummy! (*Addressing the KING.*) Come on, mum, old boy, hereafter me 'n you 's chums! (*Shoulders the body of the KING and exit, L. 2 E.*)

Enter JUVE, ANGE and ETHEL, L. U. E.

JUVE. (*Addressing ANGE.*) Mrs. Goodwin, your daughter and I have for some time perceived a mutual attraction for each other, and now that you are in a position to require masculine protection, I beg to be allowed to look out for your combined interests by the right of a husband and son-in-law.

ANGE. Ethel, why have you not spoken to me of this attachment?

ETHEL. Well, mamma, I really wasn't sure that it existed until last evening, and shortly afterward we were wrecked, and—

ANGE. But, my child, are you sure that you love him?

ETHEL. As sure as one can be of anything.

ANGE. But has he any visible means of supporting you in the manner to which you have been accustomed?

ETHEL. No, but he has elegant prospects. Haven't you, Juve?

JUVE. I will have, if your mamma says "Yes."

ANGE. Very well, if you are sure that you love each other, I see no objection. I have always believed that "first love is best." Now, when my dear departed Augustus—

ETHEL. Oh, Juve, let's go and find your manager, and if he is still King, he must make you his Prime Minister, or—

JUVE. Or, better still, his Consul General to the United States.

ETHEL. With headquarters at San Francisco—

JUVE. And immediate transportation furnished for two. (*Exit with ETHEL, L. U. E., laughing.*)

ANGE. If he only makes her as good a husband as my dear departed Augustus—

Enter SETTLE and WANTO, R. 2 E.

SETTLE. Ah, my dear Mrs. Goodwin, I am so glad to find you here. You may remember my mourning the loss of a daughter who was stolen from me in her early childhood, and your surprise will no doubt nearly equal mine when you learn that at last I have found her, safe and sound. Mrs. Goodwin, permit me to present my daughter Marie. (*Presents WANTO to ANGE.*) Now, my happiness is complete, unless it be my sorrow occasioned from the necessity of returning my daughter to a motherless home. Now, if I could prevail upon you—

WANTO. Say,—listen, pop; when are we going back?

SETTLE (*To ANGE.*). As I was saying—

NATIVES (*Outside*). Long live the king!

Same music as last until FLY. is seated.

Enter NATIVES, L. U. E., bearing throne, upon which is seated FLY., dressed as a native king, and place him C.

FIRST WEE. (*Salaam to FLY.*). Oh, mighty ruler of the universe! Does it please your majesty to deign to reassure thy friends, the Wee Gees, of a desire to perpetuate the universal peace—

FLY. You go back and tell your chief that from now on it is my desire that we shall live in peace, and when we can't live in *peace* any longer, I'll send him a stick of dynamite, and let him die in *pieces*.

NATIVES. (*All salaam.*) Long live the king!

Enter JUVE and ETHEL L. U. E. and hand in hand.

FLY. Hello! What's this?

JUVE Oh, we're going to be married, that's all.

FLY. Well, I should say that was quite enough without asking my permission. However, I'll forgive you this time. (*Raising his hands over them.*) Bless you, my children. (*Then he calls, like a barber.*) Next!

Enter PALM., R. 2 E.

PALM. (*In deep reverie, carries in his hands a cocoanut shell, which has been cut in two. He holds it as if it were a skull, and imagines he is again playing Hamlet.*) "To be, or not to be—that is the question." (*Drops the cocoanut shell and a paper drops out.*)

SETTLE (*Picks up the paper and reads the contents. Then, suddenly, to ANGE.*) Why, Mrs. Goodwin, this is the prescription for the embalming fluid which I sent you by my clerk. (*Hands paper to ANGE.*)

ANGE. So it is. The object of our trip has been attained, and now I can secure the half-million dollars.

FLY. (*Who has been listening intently, descends from throne and comes down to ANGE.*) Ah, my dear Mrs. Goodwin, let me congratulate you. (*Takes her hand.*)

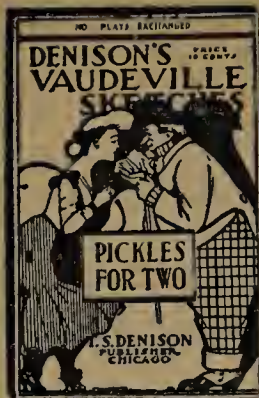
Also, permit me to suggest—what is a throne without a queen?

ANGE. Oh, your majesty, this is so sudden. (*Falls in his arms.*)

FLY. Well, it isn't half as sudden as the swift manner in which I started in on my Second Time on Earth.

Lively music.

QUICK CURTAIN.



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Country Justice, 15 min.....	8 0
Cow That Kicked Chicago, 20 min.....	3 2
Cut Off with a Shilling, 25 min.	2 1
Deception, 30 min.....	3 2
Desperate Situation, 25 min....	2 3
Documentary Evidence, 25 min.	1 1
Dude in a Cyclone, 20 min.....	5 3
Fair Encounter, sketch, 20 min.	0 2
Family Strike, 20 min.....	3 3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min.....	4 0
Freezing a Mother-in-Law, 45 min.....	3 2
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 min.....	6 0
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.....	4 3
Hard Cider, temperance, 15 m..	4 2
Happy Pair, 25 min.....	1 1
Homœopathy, Irish, 30 min....	5 3
I'll Stay Awhile, 20 min.....	4 0
I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min..	3 2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min...	8 0
In the Wrong House, 20 min....	4 2
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min...	3 3
Is the Editor in? 20 min.....	4 2
John Smith, 30 min.....	5 3
Just My Luck, 20 min.....	4 3
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min....	5 1
Kiss in the Dark, 30 min.....	2 3
Larkin's Love Letters, 50 min..	3 2
Lend Me Five Shillings, 40 min.	5 2
Limerick Boy, 30 min.....	5 2
Little Black Devil, 10 min	2 1
Love and Rain, sketch, 20 min.	1 1
Lucky Sixpence, 30 min.....	4 2
Lucy's Old Man, sketch, 15 m.	2 3
Madame Princeton's Temple of Beauty, 20 min.....	0 6
Mike Donovan, 15 min.....	1 3
Misses Beers, 25 min.....	3 3
Mistake in Identity, 15 min...	0 2
Model of a Wife, 25 min.....	3 2
Mrs. Gamp's Tea, sketch, 15 m.	0 2
My Jeremiah, 20 min.....	3 2
My Lord in Livery, 45 min....	4 3
My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min....	3 3

	M. F.
My Turn Next, 50 min.....	4 3
Narrow Escape, sketch, 15 m...	0 2
Not at Home, 15 min.....	2 0
Obstinate Family, 40 min.....	3 3
On Guard, 25 min.....	4 2
Only Cold Tea, 20 min	3 3
Outwitting the Colonel, 25 m..	3 2
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.....	4 3
Pat the Apothecary, 35 min....	6 2
Persecuted Dutchman, 35 min.	6 3
Pets of Society, 30 min.....	0 7
Played and Lost, sketch, 15 m.	3 2
Pull-Back, 20 min.....	0 6
Quiet Family, 45 min.....	4 4
Realm of Time, musical, 30 min.	8 15
Regular Fix, 50 min.....	6 4
Rejected, 40 min	5 3
Rough Diamond, 40 min.....	4 3
Row in Kitchen and Politician's Breakfast, 2 monologues...	1 1
Silent Woman, 25 min	2 1
Slasher and Crasher, 1 hr. 15 m.	5 2
Taming a Tiger, 20 min.....	3 0
That Rascal Pat, 35 min.....	3 2
To Oblige Benson, 45 min.....	3 2
Too Much for One Head, 25 m..	2 4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 50 min.....	3 6
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min..	4 1
Trick Dollar, 30 min.....	4 3
Turn Him Out, 50 min.....	3 3
Twenty Minutes Under Umbrella, sketch, 20 min.....	1 1
Two Bonnycastles, 45 min.....	3 3
Two Gay Deceivers, 25 min	3 0
Two Gents in a Fix, 20 min....	2 0
Two Ghosts in White, 25 min..	0 8
Two of a Kind, 40 min	2 3
Two Puddifoots, 40 min.....	3 3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min..	3 2
Very Pleasant Evening, 30 min	3 0
Wanted: a Correspondent, 1 hr.	4 4
Wanted; a Hero, 20 min.....	1 1
Which Will He Marry? 30 min.	2 8
White Caps (The), musical, 30 m.	0 8
Who is Who, 40 min.....	3 2
Who Told the Lie? 30 min,....	5 3
Wide Enough for Two, 50 min.	5 2
Woman Hater (The), 30 min...	2 1
Wonderful Letter, 25 min.....	4 1
Wooing Under Difficulties, 35 min.....	4 3
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.....	7 3

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The School Ma'am, 4 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.	6	5
Only Daughter, 3 acts, 1 hr. 15 m.	5	2
Louva, the Pauper, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	9	4
Under the Laurels, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	5	4
Danger Signal, 2 acts, 1 hr. 45 m.	7	4
Our Country, Historical Play, 3 acts, 1 hr.	10	5
Topp's Twins, 4 acts, 2 hrs.	6	4
It's all in Pay Streak, 3 acts, 1 hr. 40 min.	4	3
The New Woman, 3 acts, 1 hr.	3	6

FARCES.

Initiating a Granger, 25 min.	8	0
Wanted: a Correspondent, 2 acts, 45 min.	4	4
A Family Strike, 20 min.	3	3
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min.	0	8
The Assessor, 10 min.	3	2
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.	3	5
Country Justice, 20 min.	8	0
The Pull-Back, 20 min.	0	6
Hans von Smash, 2 acts, 30 min.	4	3
Irish Linen Peddler, 2 acts, 40 min.	3	3
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min.	5	1
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Is the Editor In? 20 min.	4	2
Pets of Society, 20 min.	0	7
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.	4	3
Rejected, 40 min.	5	3
A First-Class Hotel, 20 min.	4	0
Madame Princeton's Temple of Beauty, 20 min.	0	6
Dude in Cyclone, 20 min.	5	3
The Cobbler, 10 min.	1	0
A Convention of Papas, 25 min.	7	0

TEMPERANCE.

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